

Hiya, kids!
Welcome to another
exciting issue of
MERC with a MOUTH.
But who am I and
what's going on
here?

RECAP TEAM
GO!

And when
I brought the
head back to you
guys, I had a change
of heart. I might be a
money-grubbing
maniac but NO WAY am
I letting a terrorist
organization get
their sweaty little
hands on a W.M.Z.
(Weapon of Mass
Zombification.)

You're name is
Deadpool. You're a
mercenary. We of the
evil A.I.M. organization
hired you to find a
bioweapon.

Turns out the
bioweapon was your
own severed head
from an alternate
dimension where
everyone is a
zombie.

You were also trying
to impress that cute doctor
who helped you locate the head. You
know the one who finds your
deformed body repulsive and
your personality annoying
and unbearable?

That's
right!
Hmmm, what
happened
then?

Then I
shot the
jerk with the
smartass
mouth!

Blimey!

Wrap it up,
buttercup!

GULP.
You the head and the cute doctor
steal a spaceship and head back to earth-
to return the head to its own dimension
where it couldn't cause any harm to
humanity and you'd have saved the world.
Oh God please don't kill me...

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GONNA
SMOKE SOME
CATFISH TONIGHT,
BOYS.

MAAAAA,
AND HUSH
PUPPIES.



HOW
BIG THEY
GET, PAW-
PAW?

BIG,
BOY, REAL
BIG.

PULL YOU
RIGHT OUT OF
THIS HERE BOAT
AND DRAG YOU
TO THE BOTTOM.



OH,
COME ON. A
FISH?

I'VE
BEEN TROLLING
THIS SWAMP THIRTY
YEARS, BOY. I SEEN
THINGS THAT WOULD
FREEZE YOUR
BLOOD.



BEST LISTEN TO
YOUR GRAND-DADDY,
BOY. HE'S SEEN IT
ALL.

HANK, YOU GONNA TELL
HIM ABOUT *THE INCIDENT*? I
EXPECT HE'S OLD ENOUGH
TO HEAR IT.



OKAY,
LET'S HEAR
IT.

SO
YOU WANT
TO HEAR ABOUT
THE THING,
EH?

YOU MEAN THE
STORIES ABOUT SOME
SHAGGY GREEN SWAMP MAN?
RUFUS JUNIOR TOLD ME THAT
ONE AT SCHOOL DURING
RECESS.

HECK
NO, NOT THAT OLD
WIVES' TALE. I'M TALKING
ABOUT THE THING
FROM ANOTHER
PLANET.



YOU
BEEN AT THE
CIDER, OLD
MAN?

WATCH
YER MOUTH,
BOY.



I WAS NIGHT
FISHING A FEW YEARS
BACK.

WHEN
KA-WHAMMO!
THIS HERE LIFO
COMES TEAR-ASSING
ACROSS THE
SKY.

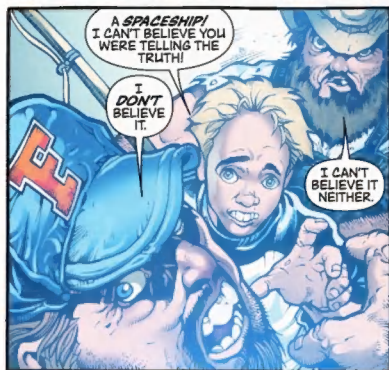
IT LANDS
RIGHT NEXT TO
MY BOAT, AND THESE
BUG-EYED CRITTERS
COME OUT WITH
PHOTON BLASTER
GUNS.



YEAH, RIGHT.
WHATEVER.

AND AND...
THE TEETH. BIG FANGS
FOR EATIN' YOUR GUTS OUT.
AND TENTACLES. THIS CRAZY
ORANGE LIGHT AND...
AND...

SSIGH...







HEY, REDNECKS, YOU SEEN A DIMENSIONAL GATEWAY DEAL AROUND HERE?

AND I WOULDN'T MIND SOME LUNCH. CAN YOU SPARE A FOOT? HOW ABOUT JUST A TOE?



AAAAARRRGH!

HAUNTED
DEAD ALIEN HEAD!
RUN!



YOU'RE A
REAL PEOPLE
PERSON,
SHORTY.

IT'S
A GIFT,
MY MAN. A
GIFT.

NICE
PARKING JOB. I
DON'T THINK WE'RE
TAKING OFF AGAIN
ANY TIME
SOON.

GIVE ME
A BREAK, WILL
YA? I HAVEN'T
LOGGED A LOT OF
HOURS LANDING
IN SWAMP
MUCK.



SO
YOU CAN
FIND THIS
PORTAL
RIGHT?



NOPE.



WHAT
THE HELL?
YOU SAID YOU
KNEW WHERE
THIS THING
WAS!

YEAH,
FLORIDA SWAMP, NEAR
CITRUSVILLE. AFTER THAT
ALL THE LILY PADS LOOK
PRETTY MUCH THE
SAME.



GUYS, I
THINK I MAY BE ABLE
TO LOCATE IT. THIS THING
PICKS UP LOCAL ENERGY
EMISSIONS. ONCE I FILTER
OUT "NORMAL" EMISSIONS FOR
THIS AREA, THERE'S A GOOD
CHANCE THAT WHATEVER
IS LEFT IS YOUR
PORTAL.



WHOA,
CHECK OUT BILL,
AGENT OF USEFUL.
I'M TOTALLY NOT GOING
TO KILL YOU NOW
AS ORIGINALLY
PLANNED.

YOU
WERE GONNA
KILL ME!?



NO.



GET THE
LEAD OUT, PEOPLE.
THE SOONER WE DO THIS,
THE SOONER I CAN GET
THE HELL HOME.

BILL, BREAK
OUT THE EXTRA ORDNANCE
FROM THE ARMS LOCKER. I'M
NOT GOING TO GET SWALLOWED
BY SOME SWAMP REPTILE
FOR LACK OF FIRE-
POWER.



IS SHE IN CHARGE?
I DON'T REMEMBER
SAYING SHE COULD
BE IN CHARGE.

FACE IT.
YOU NEED
LEADER-
SHIP.

He's right, you know.
You're a loose cannon.



KEEP IT
TIGHT, GUYS. WATCH
OUT FOR CHARLIE. L-Z
IS HOT. LET'S WATCH THE
CHATTER. UNFRIENDLIES
COMING UP THE MEKONG.
HOW'RE THESE 'NAM
REFERENCES
WORKING FOR
YOU?

ISIGH
IT'S GONNA
BE A LONG
HIKE.



READINGS
ARE STRONGER
THIS WAY. WE
SHOULD HEAD
SOUTH.

MEANWHILE, IN THE INKY
BLACKNESS OF SPACE.

[YOU DIDN'T REALLY
THINK WE WERE DONE
WITH SPACE, DID YOU?]

SIR? SIR?
THE MEDICS HAVE
GIVEN YOU A STIMULANT.
ARE YOU AWAKE? CAN
YOU HEAR ME,
SIR?



SIR, WE'VE
LOST 80 PERCENT
OF OUR MANPOWER. THE
STATION IS ON EMERGENCY
BACKUP. WE HAVE ONE
OPERATIONAL SHUTTLE.
I HAVE MEN FUELING
IT NOW.



SEVERELY
DAMAGED, SIR. IT'S BEEN
DRIFTING AWAY SINCE THE BATTLE.
SENSORS REPORT LIFE SIGNS, AND WE
THINK THEY'RE ATTEMPTING TO EFFECT
REPAIRS, BUT WE ESTIMATE IT'S USELESS.
THE FRIGATE'S DONE FOR. WE THINK WE
CAN LOAD OUR SHUTTLE AND BE
BACK PLANETSIDE WITHIN
TWO HOURS.

NEGATIVE. WE'RE NOT
LICKED YET. ASSEMBLE THE
REMAINING MEN INTO A
STRIKE TEAM. WE'RE
GOING AFTER THAT
HEAD.

THERE'S
MORE, SIR. ALMOST
NOTHING WORKS, BUT THE
RADAR IS UP AND RUNNING,
SO I'VE HAD MEN MONITORING
AROUND THE CLOCK. THEY
REPORTED FIVE MINUTES
AGO.





ANOTHER
HYDRA SHIP HAS
ENTERED THE
SECTOR.



SIR, THE
SURVIVORS ABOARD
OUR FRIGATE REPORT LIFE
SUPPORT OPERATIONAL AGAIN.
THEY SHOULD BE OKAY UNTIL
A RESCUE SHUTTLE CAN
BE ARRANGED.

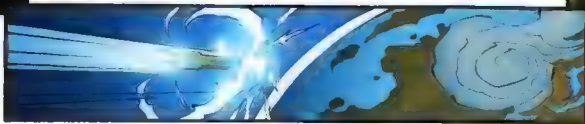
AND THE A.I.M.
STATION?

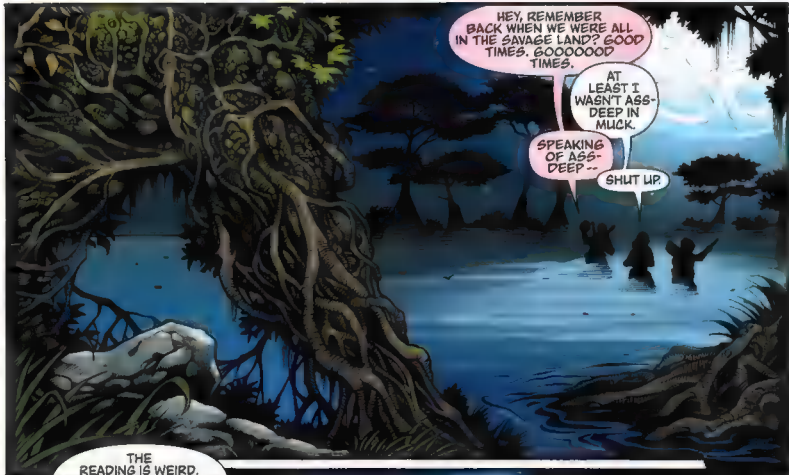
BADLY
DAMAGED. NO
THREAT TO
US.



EXCELLENT.
THEN LET US FIND
MR. WILSON AND DEVISE
SOME WAY TO DO
HIM HARM.

COORDINATES
SET, LORD FALCON.
WE'RE IN PURSUIT.





HEY, REMEMBER
BACK WHEN WE WERE ALL
IN THE SAVAGE LAND? GOOD
TIMES. 6000000
TIMES.

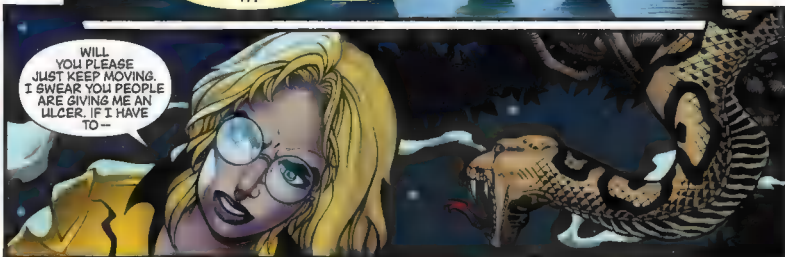
AT
LEAST I
WASN'T ASS-
DEEP IN
MUCK.

SPEAKING
OF ASS-
DEEP --

SHUT UP.

THE
READING IS WEIRD.
LIKE IT'S FLUCTUATING OR
PULSING OR SOMETHING.
BUT IT'S DUE
SOUTH.

ARE
YOU SURE YOU'RE
READING THAT RIGHT?
DOES THAT THING HAVE
MARIO KART ON
IT?



WILL
YOU PLEASE
JUST KEEP MOVING.
I SWEAR YOU PEOPLE
ARE GIVING ME AN
ULCER. IF I HAVE
TO --



YIKES!

BOOM!!



GOOD
SHOT.



HYDRA INTELLIGENCE HAS QUITE A FILE ON OUR ADVENTUROUS MR. WILSON. MOST INTERESTING.

PROFICIENT IN MOST WEAPONS BUT SEEMS ESPECIALLY FOND OF HIS SAMURAI SWORDS. DESIGNED FOR BARBARIC HACKING AND SLASHING.

STILL... A MAN OF WILSON'S SKILL. I MIGHT ACTUALLY FIND SOMEONE WORTHY. SOMEONE WHO COULD PRESENT ME WITH A CHALLENGE.

LORD FALCON, WE'VE STARTED OUR DESCENT. WE'VE LOCATED THE A.I.M. SPACECRAFT.

EXCELLENT. LET US LOCATE OUR WANDERING MR. WILSON AND SEE WHAT SPORT HE PROVIDES.

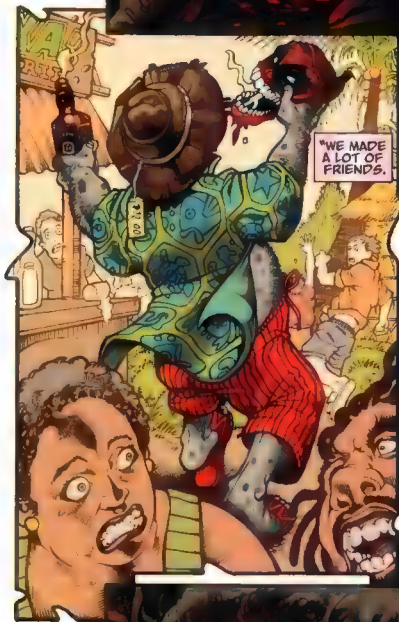
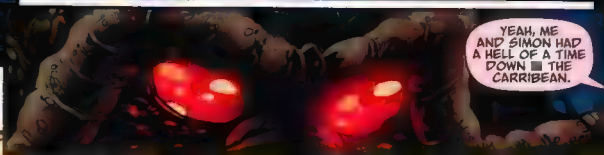


AH, THE OLD SWAMP. THIS IS WHERE I CAME THROUGH THE PORTAL, YOU KNOW.

YES, I DO SEEM TO REMEMBER SOMETHING ABOUT THAT. MAYBE BECAUSE YOU TOLD US LIKE TEN TIMES.

HEY, I HAD A LIFE BEFORE I MET YOU GUYS. I MEAN, AN UNDEAD LIFE, BUT STILL.

YEAH, ME AND SIMON HAD A HELL OF A TIME DOWN IN THE CARRIBEAN.

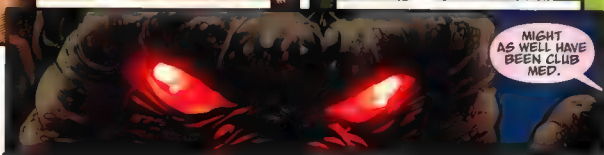


"WE MADE A LOT OF FRIENDS."



"OBSERVED INTERESTING WILDLIFE."

See Marvel Zombies #4 - Zombie Editor



MIGHT AS WELL HAVE BEEN CLUB MED.



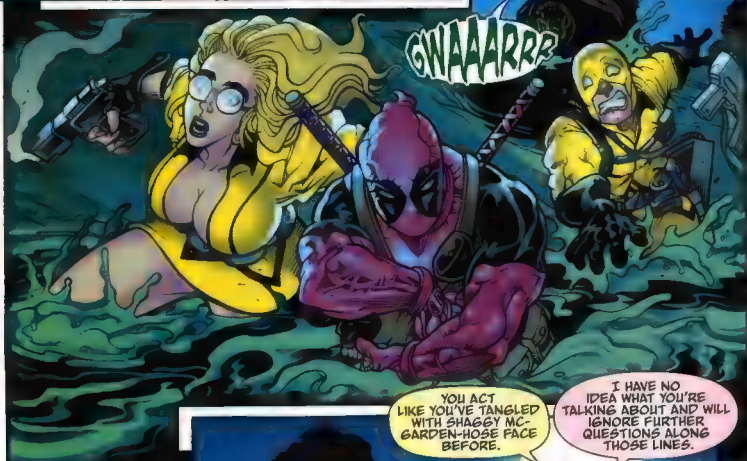
WHAT IN THE #%%&@% HELL IS THAT??

OH HELL..



HE'S SLOW MOVING. IF WE HAIL A\$\$, WE CAN LEAVE HIM IN THE DUST.

YOU HEARD THE HEAD, EVERYBODY. RUN!



GWAAARRR

YOU ACT LIKE YOU'VE TANGLED WITH SHAGGY MC-GARDEN-HOSE FACE BEFORE.

I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT AND WILL IGNORE FURTHER QUESTIONS ALONG THOSE LINES.



GOT TO STOP... AND... REST.

I THINK WE'RE CLOSE.



YEAH, IT'S ALL SMOOTH SAILING FROM HERE. NOTHING BUT PORTALS AND ZOMBIE UNIVERSES AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE.

A SLIGHT
CHANGE OF PLAN
ACTUALLY. THE HEAD
COMES BACK WITH US TO
BE STUDIED BY HYDRA
SCIENTISTS. AND MR. WILSON,
YOU WILL DRAW BLADES,
AND WE WILL TEST OUR
METTLE AGAINST ONE
ANOTHER.



YEAH, UH,
ALWAYS UP FOR...
UH... TESTING THE
METAL. AND...

SO WHO
THE HELL ARE YOU
EXACTLY?

SIR,
SHOULD WE
INTERVENE?

NO,
JUST WATCH.
THIS IS GETTING
GOOD.



WHO AM I? WHO AM I?

I AM THE LORD BARON VON TITO HAPSBURG ROTHCHILD FALCON THE SEVENTH! THE BLOOD OF ROYALTY AND WARRIORS HAS RUN IN MY FAMILY'S VEINS SINCE THE TIME OF CHARLAMAGNE. THE WOMEN OF OTHER ROYAL FAMILIES SEEK MY SEED TO SAVE THEIR FAILING LINES. I AM DESCENDED FROM CONQUERORS AND SCHOLARS.

OH, MAN. HE SURE IS TALKING A LOT. GOT TO STAY... FOCUSED. BORING SPEECH CAUSING... ATTENTION... TO WANE.

Hey, you wanna get some tacos after this? I'm starving.

BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH!

YEAH, TACOS SOUND GOOD. I LIKE THE SOFT CHICKEN TACOS.

BLAH BLAH BLAH! BLAH BLAH BLAH.

...AND THAT IS WHY I WILL SEE YOU WRITHING ON THE GROUND IN AGONY ON THE END OF MY SABER.

UH... I SORT OF FADED OUT THERE FOR A SECOND. COULD YOU SAY ALL THAT AGAIN?

Soft? \$%#@ that noise. You got to have the hard shell for the crunch. *Crunch*, baby!

